NUMB. XXXII.

The GUARDIAN.

——ipſe volens faciliſque ſequetur
Si te Fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
Vincas—— Virg.

Friday, April 17. 1713.

HAving delivered my Thoughts upon Paſtoral Poetry, after a Didactic manner, in ſome foregoing Papers, wherein I have taken ſuch Hints from the Criticks as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the beſt of my Judgment, and ſubſtituted others in their Place, I ſhall cloſe the whole with the following Fable or Allegory.

In ancient Times there dwelt in a pleaſant Vale of *Arcadia* a Man of very ample Poſſeſſions, named *Menalcas*; who, deriving his Pedigree from the God *Pan*, kept very ſtrictly up to the Rules of the Paſtoral Life, as it was in the *Golden Age*. He had a Daughter, his only Child, called *Amaryllis*. She was a Virgin of a moſt enchanting Beauty, of a moſt eaſie and unaffected Air; but having been bred up wholly in the Country, was baſhful to the laſt Degree. She had a Voice that was exceeding ſweet, yet had a Ruſticity in its Tone, which however to moſt who heard her ſeemed an additional Charm. Though in her Converſation in general ſhe was very engaging, yet to her Lovers, who were numerous, ſhe was ſo coy, that many left her in Diſguſt after a tedious Courtſhip, and matched themſelves where they were better received. For *Menalcas* had not only reſolved to take a Son in Law, who ſhould inviolably maintain the Cuſtoms of his Family; but had received one Evening, as he walked in the Fields, a Pipe of an Antique Form from a *Faun*, or, as ſome ſay, from *Oberon* the Fairy, with a particular Charge not to beſtow his Daughter upon any one, who could not play the ſame Tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the Time that he had deſigned to give her in Marriage was near at hand, he publiſhed a Decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring Youths to make Trial of this Muſical Inſtrument, with Promiſe that the Victor ſhould poſſeſs his Daughter, on Condition that the Vanquiſhed ſhould ſubmit to what Puniſhment he thought fit to inflict. Thoſe who were not yet diſcouraged, and had high Conceits of their own Worth, appeared on the appointed Day, in a Dreſs and Equipage ſuitable to their reſpective Fancies.

The Place of Meeting was a flowery Meadow, through which a clear Stream murmured in many irregular Meanders. The Shepherds made a ſpacious Ring for the contending Lovers; and in one Part of it there ſate upon a little Throne of Turf, under an Arch of Eglantine and Wood-bines, the Father of the Maid, and at his Right Hand the Damſel crowned with Roſes and Lillies. She wore a flying Robe of a ſlight green Stuff; ſhe had her Sheep-hook in one Hand, and the fatal Pipe in the other.

The Firſt who approached her was a Youth of a graceful Preſence and courtly Air, but dreſt in a richer Habit than had ever been ſeen in *Arcadia*. He wore a Crimſon Veſt, cut indeed after the Shepherd's Faſhion, but ſo enriched with Embroidery, and ſparkling with Jewels, that the Eyes of the Spectators were diverted from conſidering the Mode of the Garment by the dazling of the Ornaments. His Head was covered with a Plume of Feathers, and his Sheep-hook glittered with Gold and Enamel. He accoſted the Damſel after a very gallant manner, and told her, * *Madam, you needed not to conſult your Glaſs, to adorn your ſelf to Day; you may ſee the Greatneſs of your Beauty in the Number of your Conqueſts.* She having never heard any Compliment ſo polite, could give him no Anſwer, but preſented the

* *Vid.* Fontenelle.

(Price Two Pence.)

the Pipe. He applied it to his Lips, and began a Tune which he ſet off with ſo many Graces and Quavers, that the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes (who had paired themſelves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great Skill and Regularity of Steps, which they had never been bred to. *Menalcas* ordered him to be ſtript of his coſtly Robes, and to be clad in a plain Ruſſet Weed, and confined him to tend the Flocks in the Vallies for a Year and a Day.

The Second that appeared was in a very different Garb. He was cloathed in a Garment of rough Goat-skins, his Hair was matted, his Beard neglected; in his Perſon uncouth, and awkard in his Gait. He came up fleering to the Nymph, and told her, † *He had hugg'd his Lambs, and kiſt his young Kids, but he hoped to kiſs one that was ſweeter.* The Fair One bluſhed with Modeſty and Anger, and prayed ſecretly againſt him as ſhe gave him the Pipe. He ſnatched it from her, but with ſome Difficulty made it ſound; which was in ſuch harſh and jarring Notes, that the Shepherds cried one and all, that he underſtood no Muſick. He was immediately ordered to the moſt craggy Parts of *Arcadia*, to keep the Goats, and commanded never to touch a Pipe any more.

† *Vid.* Theocritus.

The Third that advanced, appeared in Cloaths that were ſo ſtrait and uneaſie to him, that he ſeemed to move with Pain. He marched up to the Maiden with a thoughtful Look and ſtately Pace, and ſaid, *† *Divine* Amaryllis, *you wear not thoſe Roſes to improve your Beauty, but to make them aſhamed.* As ſhe did not comprehend his Meaning, ſhe preſented the Inſtrument without Reply. The Tune that he played was ſo intricate and perplexing, that the Shepherds ſtood ſtock ſtill, like People aſtoniſhed and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the Perfection of Muſick, and compoſed by the moſt skilful Maſter in *Heſperia*. *Menalcas* finding that he was a Stranger, hoſpitably took Compaſſion on him, and delivered him to an old Shepherd, who was ordered to get him Cloaths that would fit him, and teach him to ſpeak plain.

*† *Vid.* Taſſo.

The Fourth that ſtep'd forwards was young *Aminias*, the moſt beautiful of all the *Arcadian* Swains, and ſecretly beloved by *Amaryllis*. He wore that Day the ſame Colours as the Maid for whom he ſighed. He moved towards her with an eaſie but unaſſured Air; ſhe bluſhed as he came near her, and when ſhe gave him the Fatal Preſent, they both trembled, but neither could ſpeak. Having ſecretly breathed his Vows to the Gods, he poured forth ſuch melodious Notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every Heart with Delight. The Swains immediately mingled in the Dance, and the old Shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard ſuch Muſick by Night, which they imagined to be played by ſome of the Rural Deities. The good old Man leaped from his Throne, and after he had embraced him, preſented him to his Daughter, which cauſed a general Acclamation.

While they were in the midſt of their Joy, they were ſurprized with a very odd Appearance. A Perſon in a blue Mantle, crown'd with Sedges and Ruſhes, ſtep'd into the middle of the Ring. He had an Angling-Rod in his Hand, a Pannier upon his Back, and a poor meagre Wretch in wet Cloaths carried ſome Oyſters before him. Being asked whence he came, and what he was? He told them he was come to invite *Amaryllis* from the Plains to the Sea-Shore, that his Subſtance conſiſted in Sea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the *Nereids* and the *Naiads*. *Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?* ſaid *Menalcas*; *To them then ſhalt thou return.* The Shepherds immediately hoiſted him up as an Enemy to *Arcadia*, and plunged him in the River, where he ſunk, and was never heard of ſince.

Amyntas and *Amaryllis* lived a long and happy Life, and governed the Vales of *Arcadia*. Their Generation was very long-lived, there having been but four Deſcents in above two thouſand Years. His Heir was called *Theocritus*, who left his Dominions to *Virgil*, *Virgil* left his to his Son *Spencer*, and *Spencer* was ſucceeded by his eldeſt-born *Philips*.

To the PRINTER.

SIR, *April* 16, 1713.

'BEſides the Directions which you had Yeſterday
'for to Day's Paper, I deſire you to adorn the
'Advertiſement with *Two Line Great Primmer*,
'*Two Line Engliſh*, *Double Pica*, *Paragon*, *Great*
'*Primmer*, *Engliſh*, *Pica*, *Small Pica*, *Long Prim-*
'*mer*, *Brevier*, *Nonpareil* and *Pearl* Letters. I
'mention alſo to you *French Cannon*, tho' I know
'you cannot make uſe of it. But the Buſineſs is to
'make my Readers take all the Notice of it imagi-
'nable; therefore pray put the Advertiſement in
'an Iſland of *Stars*, *Daggers*, *Double Daggers*,
'*Croſſes*, &c. that the Reader may know the Value
'of what is ſo well Diſtinguiſhed and Guarded.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By SUBSCRIPTION.

At Mr. *HICKFORD's* Great *Dancing Room over againſt the Tennis Court in* St. James's-Street near the Hay-Market, this *preſent Friday, being the 17th Inſtant, will be perform'd a* Conſort of MUSICK by NICOLINO HAYM. *and others. The Tickets to be delivered out at Mrs. White's* Chocolate-houſe in St. James's-Street.

Juſt Publiſhed,

The Life and Character of Marcus Portius Cato Uticenſis; collected from Plutarch in the Greek, and from Lucan, Saluſt, Lucius Florus, and other Authors in the Latin Tongue. Very proper for the Readers of Cato, a Tragedy, price 6*d*. The third Edition of the Succeſsful Pyrate, by Mr. Johnſon, price 1 *s*. 6 *d*. Cinna's Conſpiracy, a Tragedy, pr. 1 *s*. 6 *d*. The Odes, Epodes and Carmen Seculare of Horace, Latin and Engliſh, with a Tranſlation of Dr. Bentley's Notes; to which are added Notes upon Notes, the Effigies of Horace when in Italy, and when at Trinity College, in 26 Parts compleat, pr. 6 *d*. each Part. All Printed for Bernard Lintott, between the two Temple Gates in Fleetſtreet. All the Comedies, with the Life of Moliere, as alſo the Tragedies of Æſchylus, Sophocles and Euripides are preparing for the Preſs.

Imported about 3 Weeks ago, and to be Sold for the Merchants a choice parcel of new Orleon French Claret, of the very laſt Vintage, bright, deep, ſtrong, and of a moſt delicious Flavour, never touched ſince it came over, but perfectly neat from the Grape, Bottled off from the Lee as ſoon as it became fine of it ſelf, and is certainly the nobleſt Flower for Colour, Taſte and Smell that ever was imported, price 54 *s*. a Dozen, Bottles and all, which is but 4 *d*. 6 *d*. a Bottle, for excellence not to be matched for 7 *s*. nor indeed at any Rate. To be had only at the Golden Key in Haydon-yard in the Minories, where may alſo be had true Caſtevalia White Wine, pureſt neat, ſtrong, fine and of the right grateful Taſte, at 24 *s*. a Dozen, Bottles and all, none leſs than 5 Bottles of either ſort.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*, and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.